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SIMON SOLUS;

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JUST PAID OFF FROM THE 'DALE.'

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.



BY CHARLES CLEWEARING, P. S. U. S. N.



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NEW YORK:

1843.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIMON SOLUS,	MRS. JONATHAN MAGNOLIA,
MR. MAGNOLIA,	MISS ANGELINA CLEOPATRA
NED CLEWLINE,	MAGNOLIA,
TOM CUTWATER,	BETTY.

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R E M A R K S .

THE sloop-of-war "Dale" was built in Philadelphia, in 1839, when she sailed to Norfolk. In December of 1840, she left Hampton Rhodes in company with the U. S. ship Yorktown, on a cruize to the Pacific. On the outward passage she proved to be a much faster sailing ship than her consort. While round the Horn in '41-2 and 3, she beat all the vessels she fell in with, except the frigate United States. Neither the ship Constitution, nor the sloops Cyane or Yorktown, held their own in company with her, and even the "Old Wagon" had to crack on to get a circumstance ahead of the *leetle* Dale, either before or on a wind, in light breezes or a snorting gale.

In 1840, while at anchor in Callao, the ship's company were much entertained with the few plays they visited, enacted on board the frigate "Constitution," and for a long time after we were desirous to get up something that way on board our ship, as we did not mean the *leetle* Dale should be walked a head of by any thing, in any thing, in *any* place, in playing, sailing, or fighting.

In April 1843, while our ship was at Guaymaz, (in the Gulf of California,) the first attempt was made, and with success. At that place a second and third repetition took place, and at Mazatlan our play on board did sweeten high—particularly visitants from the British ship-of-war "Champion," the only large vessel then there.

On the 22d July, four days after arrival in Valparaiso, (after a passage of only forty-seven days from Mazatlan,) the comedy of "The Drummer" was played with great spirit by our Thespean Company, when the evening's en-

tertainment concluded with the farce before us—"Just paid off from the Dale," which in its (then first) presentation received from all on board and numerous visitors, reiterated applause.

The next evening's entertainment was to have been made up of the three following farces:—"The Party Wall"—"Catching an Heiress"—and "Tom Rusticus; or, The Recruit," a new piece written on board; but on account of the ship's quick return home, the same had to be, and therefore was, postponed, till the next cruize of the sleek-leetle, fast-sailing, hard-fighting, sloop-of-war 'Dale.'

PROLOGUE.

As most books have a preface of some kind,
And pro or epilogues to most plays we find,
It may not be uncall'd for here to state,
Before we're thro', for then 'twould seem too late,
That this piece was not writ to draw forth sighs,
And start the tear from all assembled eyes;
Nor to depict with graphic face the swell
Of heated passion raging with fires of hell—
The which well done—would but all breasts inspire,
And kindle in your bosoms the warm fire
Of sympathetic rage—or fiercer thought
Of vengeance dire—to which the while you're wrought.
This farce was writ like nearly all such others,
As farces are in some respect like brothers,
To make some fun—and for an hour to please,
Or some dull play—or tragedy to ease,
And make a night pass off with life and zest,
This then if 't raise the laugh may be the test.
If but in this our piece to-night succeed,
We beg you all in this to be agreed
That a main point was look'd to after all,
If you all laugh before the curtains fall;
But whether at the scenes, the playing or the plot,
Is so essential as to—matter not;
Laugh if you cannot help it, for the author's sake—
You know his queer sensations should the piece take.

SCENE I.—A ROOM.

MRS. MAGNOLIA. (*Solus.*) 'Tis too bad. I wont abide it any longer. My easy-going, good-natured, good-sort of a good-for-nothing kind of husband must forsooth take into my house an unknown straggler, because he was recommended by a person of respectability—an old respectable acquaintance—a respected officer in the Navy. So, forsooth, this respected Mr. Lightsail has recommended Simon Solus—ergo, Simon Solus must have the privilege of boarding in my house, without the leave and license of Mrs. Magnolia having once been asked. But I'll put a stop to these kind of proceedings, I will. No Mr. Anybody—no Mr. Simon Solus, nor no Mr. Jeremiah Jonathan Jominidab Solus, shall be received into my house again before my good will and assent;—the good will and assent of Mrs. Magnolia be first sought and obtained, or as lawyer Squareall would say, procurandum est. Mr. Magnolia, I say—you Mr. Jonathan Magnolia, come hither, I say, you dear, sweet man.

(ENTER MR. MAGNOLIA.)

MR. MAGNOLIA. Well, my dear, here I am—here I be, sweetheart. What's wanting now, eh? Any thing happened, any thing wrong now, eh? Tell me, love.

MRS. M. Any thing happened! Any thing wrong, forsooth! Pretty questions upon my word. Pray, Mr. Magnolia, ought you not to have consulted your better half—your lawful wife—the partner of your sorrows, the coadjutor of all your enterprises, before you received this Mr. Simon Solus to board in my house—never do you dare to take another boarder without first consulting Mrs. Magnolia on the subject. Never do you receive another boarder into my domicile until the good will—the assent of your loving spouse be procurandum est, on the penalty of being deprived of your dear wife's caresses—of having cold dinners for a whole week—of having to sleep alone by yourself for a whole fortnight; bear that in your memory, my dear coadjutor.

MR. M. (*Aside.*) Heaven grant it. Well now, my

love,—but he was recommended by Mr. Lightsail, and he you know is a very respectable naval officer.

MRS. M. A respectable naval officer! indeed. I would not care if he had been recommended by a respectable naval governor, a respectable naval diplomatic functionary—a naval Afghanistan plenipotentiary. Mind you this, Mr. Magnolia, mind you this; if any thing goes wrong you have yourself alone to blame. Don't you say I, Mrs. Magnolia, your help-mate, took a stranger into the house with nothing but his homely face—his homely person—his homely habiliments to speak for him: and mind you this, Mr. Magnolia, if he enveigles my daughter, if he enveigles my daughter, Mr. Magnolia, I'll be the plague of your life, I will—I'll be the plague of your life, I will. (*Exit*)

MR. M. Will be the plague of my life, indeed! I wonder what else she can think she has been for the past three and forty years—the plague of my life! Oh! the day I ever united with her in the bands of wedlock; that she ever was made my coadjutor, as she styles herself. However, three and forty years have been got through; a few more annual circles, and she and I—

(ENTER BETTY.)

BETTY. What shall I do, dear, dear, what shall I do!

MR. M. Pray, what has happened now, Betty?—tell me, girl—speak out.

BETTY. O dear, O dear, I'm so unlucky—Mrs. Magnolia will never get over it—never.

MR. M. In the name of wonder, what has befallen her?—is my dear wife killed or in a fit, or broken a limb? —what has happened her?—speak out.

BETTY. She'll never get over it, never—dear me, I have broken one of the cut glass decanters—she will never forgive me—dear, oh dear.

MR. M. Oh, is that all that has happened! Why, Betty, I was afraid something serious had occurred—don't grieve, Betty—it can't be helped you know—here, here is a half eagle, Betty—run and buy a new one, and she will not know the difference. Off with you, Betty, off, off; I say, off with you, you jade.

BETTY. O, sir, if Missis is too extensively obstropolous, you are too extensively kind—indeed you are, Master, indeed you are, too extensively kind, you are. (*Exit.*)

MR. M. The dear girl—it really does me good to extricate her from her troubles—to see her twinkling eyes big with thankfulness and satisfaction—to see her lost for words to vent her gratitude—but here comes my

(ENTER ANGELINA.)

Angelina. Well, my angel, what now daughter?

ANGELINA. I thought I'd just come and tell you that Mr. Solus wants me very much to ride out with him in the cars to Harlem. Mayn't I go, Pa? Yes, I know you wont refuse. Come, give me a kiss, Pa; (kisses.) I am so glad you have consented—we wont be long away—shan't I mix you a nice mint julap, Pa?

MR. M. Dear daughter, I don't hardly know—

ANG. Whether I shall enjoy it. Oh, I am sure I shall, Pa. Mr. Simon is so good natured a man, I can't help being happy with him.

MR. M. But, Angelina—

ANG. I am in haste, Pa; I will run and get ready. Come, one more kiss—(kisses)—I wont be long, Pa.

MR. M. Oh, the dear, dutiful, affectionate child.

(Exit.)

I can't refuse her any thing. I declare I cannot. But I did not tell her she might go; though I really had not the heart to deny her. What now will my better half—my fond, caressing, affectionate, loving wife say? Dear, oh dear, I really am quite straightened. I must go and take a stiffer of old Jamaica to fortify these agitated nerves of mine, I must. (Exit.)



SCENE II.—A STREET.

SIMON SOLUS. (*Solus.*) Darn my buttons, here I am I reckon, all correct I guess, clear of a man of war to all eternity. They don't cketch Simon Solus on the ground hap agin so long as a livin' is to be got ashore, which I calculate is likely to be for some considerable time a head. By golly, but I'd like to meet some of my old shipmates—nicer fellers, stouter hearts, freer souls, than some of my chummies just paid off from the sleek-leettle, fast-sailing, hard-fightin' sloop-of-war "Dale,"—

arn't to be come across no whars, in no craft of no size. I don't car whar she comes from, nor whar she war launched; and if she war only going to make another cruize somewhar, not very far from hum, for say some war about two years, and I could calculate on coaxing some of my chickens to go 'long, I don't know arter all, but as how I'd ship once't more, tho' I did say as how I kinder thought as how I would'nt. The temptation would be mighty strong, 'cause when a feller's in as sleek a little craft as ever whar, that can't be beat by nothin' in the sailin' nor the fightin' line, and chummies aboard with hearts as big or bigger than he has himself, he arn't, I swar to man, so mighty bad off as that he moun't be a kinder worser. But now I's off for Harlem. It's coming on time for them ar cars to start, and Angelina, I rec'on, is all dresst a waitin' for me to stop in and walk her strait off to take a ride by steam. It'll be monstrous nice; a deuced site better than sailin' on salt wa-
ter. Darn my buttons if I don't make love till her—she's a nation perty gall; talks a leetle saucy, but that arn't northing. She's right good natured, that's what I looks most at. But how's my pockets. I has, I guess, about twenty dollars in small change, besides two one hundred dollar bills as I left with the landlord. I rec'on as how I don't break them ar just yet. When them are spent, I'll be just where I was once't afore—hard up and way from hum. But if I don't be off them ar Harlem cars will—eh. By zookers, who's this?

(ENTER NED CLEWLINE.)

Ned Clewline, I swan to man.

NED CLEW. Simon, give us your flipper; glad to see you. Where do you stow yourself?—got a snug boarding house, I suppose? You knew dam well how to look after manavelins aboard ship, and shiver my hull if I don't believe you're the best off of any of us in that way ashore. Show us your lodgings, Simon. I've got into a cursed poor establishment myself, and mean to shift right off the reel.

SIMON. I rec'on as how I has got into a snug shop, sartin. But, Ned, darn'd if I can stand to talk now. I'm going right straight out to Harlem with a tarnation perty gall.

NED. With a pretty girl! Ah, you're the boy always in luck's way. Wont you give us a chance to have a bit of a squint at her. No, no, Simon, I wont be hard on you; make sail, leave your wake, and make tracks after this sweet perty gall, as you call her—but let's know how I can see you again. Meet us at the Park Theatre, or Sandy Welsh's, or some other place of worship, wherever you like to fix it.

SIMON. Well, I rec'on as how the best place I knows on is here close by—the Cornu Copiæ. They has the nicest bar room in town, I imagine. Let's step in and try a mite of liquor. If you don't say as how they has the best gin, and rum, and brandy, and wine, and beer, and cider, and doughnuts, and slings, and toddies, and cocktails, and julaps, I'll give you leave to say as now, Simon Solus hasn't the same taste as he had when he whar in the sleek-leettle,—fast-sailing,—hard-fighting sloop-of-war "Dale." (Exeunt.)

(ENTER BETTY.)

BETTY. Lack-a-daisy me; dear, oh dear, what shall I do? What a poor, unfortunate, unlucky girl I am—this morning to break a cut glass decanter—last night I cracked the large parlor looking glass, and Missis thought herself righted by boxing my ears prettily for it. Only last week one of the table spoons was missing, and she tried to make Master deduct it from my wages—and now, dear, oh dear, I have lost a half eagle—I am ruined, I'm undone—I'll have to get another Master—find another place—or get married. But who will marry a poor unfortunate girl, with nothing but her face, and her hands, and her wits, without even one bare half eagle. Dear, oh dear, lack-a-daisy me.

(ENTER TOM CUTWATER, WITH A BOTTLE AND
PRETENDING DRUNK.)

TOM. What's the matter, child? What are you pouting about, my dolphin? Has any one hurt you, dear?—Only tell me so, darlint, and let me once see sight of the chap that ever dare abuse a sweet pretty-faced, tender-hearted, captivating daughter of Eve, and if I don't shiver his hull and lighten him of his yards and spare spars, my name's not Tom Cutwater. Just come under my lee,

chicken. Slip one of your booms into my quarter irons, and you shall weather-storm gale and tempest. I'm taut and tight, tho' may be haff seas over—but in less than a pipe belay, I'll be in smooth sailing trim. So here's a fair salutation, a one long-gun compliment on your pretty battery—(kissing her.)

BETTY. Let me alone, will you—let me go—you good-for-nothing, vile, outrageous piece of impertinence. Let me alone, I tell you. O, lack-a-daisy me.

TOM. Well, well; but just answer my signals and return my salutes,—then, chicken, we can sail smoothly on our courses with studding sails low and aloft. May be you are short of spirits; if so, I have a supply; so fill up your hold, my trim little brig

BETTY. Just keep your bottle to yourself—leave me alone, I tell you, or I shall certainly pull that ugly nose for you, I will.

TOM. A fine spirited barque, this; the devil roast me if I havn't a great mind to hawl my wind and sail in company. I say, chicken, what port do you make? Where are you bound? What's your reckoning? Let's examine our bearings, and see if we can't make for the same harbor. One more salute, chicken—(kisses.)

BETTY. Get along, you obstreperous rascallian rape. Murder, fire, robbery, help!

TOM. Breakers by Jupiter! All hands to muster! Stop! blay that—(pipes.) All hands save ship!

(ENTER NED CLEWLINE.)

NED. What the devil's to pay. A pretty gall crying for help, and Ned Clewline at hand. Dam me if here aint a chance to do a good turn for a craft in distress. How can I relieve you, my pretty sparkler?

BETTY. Do drive this good-for-nothing, abusive, insulting vagabond away. Do, good, kind, sir—do, I pray you.

NED. Hello! dam my tarry top lights, if 'tant Tom Cutwater, ust 'twixt and between—half so—half how come you so. Tom, why the devil don't you leave the girl alone? Don't be trowselling every pretty craft you meet, or you'll dam'd soon fetch up with a round turn, and have to hand over your papers and surrender your prizes. I say, Tom, where the devil have you moored

your hulk the three days past, since we were paid off from the sloop-of-war "Dale?"

TOM. Give us time to ram home a charge before we let fly a round in reply. We've hardly made you out yet, and you have poured in on us a volley of grape and canister. But now I'm about primed—let me discharge contents, and we'll feel in lighter trim. Come along to the Sign of the Anchor, and we'll overhawl our log for the past three days, since I was paid off from the trim little saucy ship "Dale." Come along, Ned—come along—come along. (*Exit.*)

NED. The Sign of the Anchor, eh? You'll have to round to before you make it, I guess; but I'll be with you in half a shake. Well, my darling, what's the trouble? None of your timbers sprung, I hope? I bore up to your signals of distress, and if Ned Clewline can carry you off a lee shore, or put any shot in your locker, 'twill do him as much pleasure as it will you good.

BETTY. Dear, kind, sir, I'm a very unlucky, unfortunate girl. I was looking for a half eagle I lost of my Master's, when that ugly, good-for-nothing, abusive, insulting fellow came along and behaved so shamefully bad, that I became frightened and called out for help.

NED. He wouldn't have hurt you, dear. He's a little in the wind, child. He'd have given you a half eagle or a half doubloon in a minute, if he had thought you'd have taken it. I never had a better-hearted, freer-soul'd fellow, than that same Tom Cutwater, for a ship mate. But don't trouble your sweet soul, darling—I'm the lucky chap that's found your half eagle, child; (whew that's a sneezer, as Simon Solus used to say;) I'm the boy can see gold glitter in water a fathom deep, or mud a foot thick. Here you be, darling; here's your half eagle, (putting it in her hand,) hold on it taut—(*kissing her.*) Now scud home fast as you like.

BETTY. Dear, good, sir, how can I thank you! Heaven bless your wife and children extensively. Good bye, kind sir. Heaven bless you extensively. (*Exit.*)

NED. Curse on it, why don't I see her home—she's a sweet soul'd creature, and if I warn't so confounded backward, I'd know all about her in a week, and may be get spliced in less than a fortnight. I did her a good turn, however, and feel the happier for it; extensively so, as

she would say. She believes I found her money, so it's all the same to Ned Clewline. I'd make the next pretty girl I meet believe the same thing, if I only thought it would do her as much good. But what the devil's gone with Tom. He was a little in the wind; indeed, somewhat extensively so, I might say; and may be taken all aback before he brings to at the Sign of the Anchor. I'll after him, and if he needs a ship mate to lend him a hand and keep land sharks out of his pockets, dam me if Ned Clewline an't the very chap. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—A Room.

MR. MAGNOLIA. (*Solus.*) Well-a-day, well-a-day; here have I and my old woman been keeping open house since the day we were married, and never has the place been so dull as it is at this present time. We have only one boarder, Mr. Simon Solus. He was paid off from the ship Dale with nearly three hundred dollars, and seems a likely careful kind of a person. Angelina has taken quite a fancy to him. She seems determined to accompany him in and out to Harlem. I cannot think it will do my daughter harm; but I am afraid his insinuating ways will wheedle her out of her heart, and ensure her affections. I must not let her too susceptible soul be taken possession of before I know something more of her captivator. Eh! bless me, here she comes. How nice and

(ENTER ANGELINA.)

fresh you look, my darling, my angel; all ready, all ready for the excursion, my dear.

ANG. Yes, Pa, and why can't you go with us? You know I don't half like to go any where without you.

MR. M. Not with a lively, hot young fellow—don't bely thyself, dear. Thou wouldst not have thy old father at thy elbow, when a lively young dog would be talking nonsense, and whispering his ardent vows in your ear; tickling your fancy with ideas of future constancy and bliss. I was a little wild in my youth myself, and in those days I well remember how fond I was of walking out, and riding out, and sailing out with some fine, frisky,

buxsome wench, if only half as pretty as my angel, my ducklin here—(chuckling her under the chin.)

ANG. Oh! Pa, you make me blush. I am quite ashamed of you, to talk at this rate. I've a great mind to stay at home all day, and tell Mr. Solus I am indisposed—or that I've altered my mind—or that company is coming—or that you will not suffer me to—or, or—or that—

MR. M. That wont do, you jade—it wont do. You are just as hot to go as he is to have you; so don't try and put on one of your dry, sober faces. No, no, darling, you must go and I and the old woman will stay behind to take care of the house. Eh! I declare, here comes Mr. Solus all alone.

(ENTER SIMON.)

Here you are, Mr. Simon; glad to see you again, sir; welcome once more.

SIMON. Well, now, I rec'on, Miss Angelina, as how you calculated I warn't coming; but I guess as how there's plenty of time yet. The cars will start for Harlem in about twenty minutes, and I imagine we can be aboard sleek enough in less than half that are, arter we leave the house. I've just been with one of my ship mates; a right nice chap. He war a chicken of mine aboard, and I couldn't help asking him into the Cornu Copiæ to taste a mite of some genuine good liquor, and I rec'on as how I had some of the most scrumptious cider as ever sweetened my mouth, and I've tasted considerable of that are in my time, particular when I war on old Uncle Josh's farm. Uncle Josh war great in the cider line. He made the best cider ile ever tasted on—besides being a head on 'em all in raisin' cattle, fatnin' pigs, growing punkins and such like—and his old woman, Aunt Abbey Jane, had a great name in market for fresh eggs, and new cheese, and apple butter, and all that are. Angelina, wouldn't you kinder like now for me just to run and get us a couple on them ar bottles of cider to have with us in the cars. If the steam, and the smoke, and the jostlin' of them ar tarnation machines makes us feel a leetle dry, we'll have a fortification agin it—a battery 'gin the enemy as we men-of-wars-men say.

ANG. No, no, Mr. Simon, every body would be laughing at us the whole way; besides, if you are dry,

Pa will just step into the cellar and bring some madeira, or some sherry, or claret, or cider, or what perhaps you would prefer after your long cruize at sea, some foreign porter; or what is much better still, some of my sweet mamma's home-brewed beer, the most refreshing beverage in the world. Why, Pa, didn't you hear Mr. Simon intimate he was thirsty? I am quite surprised at you. You ought really to go to school again and quicken those auricular organs of yours, you ought. But I'll run myself; you are waxing old, Pa; you are getting old. I am too hard on you, an't I, Pa?

MR. M. No, no, child, you mustn't go. It can't be my angel—it mustn't be—no, no. Mr. Simon, you see what a jade she is—she'll torment you the whole time of your out to Harlem—tho' she is not bad at bottom, Simon—she is not bad at bottom. Many a girl has a worse heart, I can tell you that, Mr. Simon. Let me narrate you a little anecdote of her, that occurred in this very room, on her last birth day.

ANG. Don't, Pa, I beseech you. Are you not really too bad. If you tell that foolish thing over again, I wont stir out of the house to-day—I wont ride out to Harlem—I wont dance, nor sing, nor play for you the whole of the next two days, I wont. Why in the name of the poets, the muses, and all the celestials, don't you go and bring something from the cellar, for Mr. Simon to quench his thirst with? Poor fellow! he is really so parched, that he has not lisped forth one single word since he was interrupted in the midst of the most interestingly enlightening strain of conversation. But I will run to the cellar and get something myself—you are waxing old, you are getting old, Pa.

SIMON. And, darn'd if I mustn't go 'long. I'm a right serumptious hand at drawing off liquors. In particular, I'm nation smart at tappin' off cider. I onc't made an invention in the spicket line, which Uncle Josh said would be the makin' on his fortin. It saved him a tar-nal site. One on them ar spickets as I made out of my head, would make a right smart chance of a barrel run something short on a one hundred and fifty gallons, besides he always rec'oned as that ar cider as come from one on them are barrels as had one on my new invention

spickets in, was half as nice agin as any other, and had a leetle mite the flavor of whiskey. Angelina, let me go 'long, and I'll show you how to draw off. When we're in the cellar, I can teach you two or three things at the least calculation, I imagine.

MR. M. No, no. Mr. Simon; don't go to so much trouble—stay where you are, Mr. Simon, stay where you are. Let me go, daughter; I'll go, my dear; I shall not keep you long waiting. But the little anecdote that I was going to relate to you of her that occurred in this very room on her last birth day—

ANG. Pshaw! Pa, why don't you tell Mr. Simon that your cellar is dry; that the beer barrels have all leaked; that the wine casks are expended; the brandy bottles are all broke; that the cider is all sour; that you would make him a mint julap, only that the mint has not been brought from market; that he shall try a little lemonade, if he will but have the patience to wait till Betty brings the sugar or the lemons from the grocery. Pshaw! Pa, I am ashamed of you—but you are waxing old, you are getting old, Pa.

MR. M. Dear daughter, I am gone. Mr. Simon, I'll be back in a twinkling. Dear! oh dear! (*Exit.*)

ANG. Mr. Simon, you were interrupted a while since when you were narrating a narrow escape you had of being lost somewhere off the coast of California.

SIMON. I rec'on as how it war in the Gulf; howsoever, as I war a tellin' on you, I had been lendin' a hand to reef the bow sprit shrowds, and furl the mizzen jib-boom try-sails and spanker geer—a tarnation ugly job. But that part, I imagine, you don't very well understand; howsoever, the weather had been nice and fine—the Sunday afore when the articles on fightin' were bein' read, a heap of fish were flying about the ship a listening, and the day afore that a shark of tarnation size had been caught with a monstrous small hook. Well, as I war a sayin', we were a sailin' along with a nice leetle stiff breeze,—the leetle Dale not going more than eight or ten nots faster than any other sloop-of-war mout,—when all at onc't, while we were at dinner, a most mighty, tremendous, wopping, fierce, thundering, smashing breeze came on us, and we didn't know but that we were

going right strait to the bottom of the sea—I should say of the Gulf. Well, by golly, if it didn't clear off right then. The hurricane blow'd over, the wind died away, and not one single soul out of all on us perished, though we were mighty nigh being entirely exflunctificated. The foretop gallant mast went by the board and was wreck'd, which were 'mazin' fortunate, as that were all I calculate as saved our ship.

ANG. What a narrow escape you had, to be sure. I wonder how you ever come to your senses again. Didn't some of you go out of your heads for some months subsequent?

(ENTER MR. MAGNOLIA.)

Ah! here comes Pa, with something for you to wet your lips with. You must be very dry, Mr. Simon. Well, Pa—

MR. M. Mr. Simon, I have brought you some of the best madeira ever concocted from the grape.

ANG. But nothing for me, Pa? I am really more and more ashamed of you every day. You are so very forgetful; but you are waxing old, you are getting old, Pa.

MR. M. Dear daughter, do let me run and get you something, do.

SIMON. No, Mr. Magnolia; I guess as how it's time we make a start for Harlem. Come, Miss Angelina, I calculate a leetle of this ere madeira will do you a site of good. Let me coax you just to try a mite on't. Here is more than I shall drink, and it will taste just as sweet agin arter you have sipped a leetle out of the same tumbler. (Hands it to her.)

ANG. As you please, Mr. Simon. Now, mind you this, Pa; the next time you are forthcoming with your wine, make Betty bring in glasses on a tray, and bring out not only one sort of liquor, but all the various kinds, and qualities, and brands you have. You are not wont to be so forgetful—but you are waxing old, you are getting old, Pa.

MR. M. Yes, my angel, yes; yes, daughter, I am waxing old, I am getting old.

SIMON. Come along, Miss Angelina, we mustn't wait a mite longer, or I feel pretty sartin them are cars will be on the jump; and tho' I used to be a pretty smart chance of a feller at a foot race, I'd hardly lay a nine pence on

catchin' up with a critter of a horse, as could wing it over the track with one on them ar tarnal seventeen hundred horse-power fire engine machines. Come along, Miss Angelina, I guess as how we'll start. Good day, Mr. Magnolia. (*Exeunt Simon and Angelina.*)

MR. M. Good bye, good bye. There, they are off. I am always glad to despatch business—one feels so comfortable after it. Now they are tripping it off to the cars, and now the cars will be tripping them off to Harlem.—Then they will be tripping it over the fields, and their tripping little tongues will be tripping over every thing, and I dare swear their big little hearts will be tripping with love, tol de riddle de dido. Well, I'll trip it off to market, after the eatables and other like little necessary articles that cannot very well be done without in a boarding house. Eh! day, bless me. Dear! O dear!

(ENTER MRS. MAGNOLIA.)

here is the old woman herself.

MRS. M. What's that you say—the old woman herself, eh? And so I am in propria persona—you illiterate, unbelettered ignoramus, that was not ever put through your Latin grammar as you should have been, and would have been, had I but been your father—had I been your father, I would have been the making of you, Mr. Magnolia, I would—but among my many other misfortunes, 'tis mine to be your wife, the mistress of this house in which you can indulge and enjoy your otium cum dignitate, and I, Mistress Magnolia, must do the drudgery and keep matters in a proper train. Had I but have been the man and you the wife, how much better it might have been for us both, wouldn't it, my love, eh? But where is it you are going? Where are you going now?

MR. M. To market, my dear.

MRS. M. To market, eh! That's right, Jonathan; that's right, love; and if you see any green pease, and a nice piece of lamb, bring them home, and a turkey, and some oysters for sauce, and some chickens to frickasse. But you know very well what to get, so go along, Jonathan, go along, tempus fugit.

MR. M. Tempus fugit! What is that, my dear? Well, well, I'll away and do my endeavors to please you; but

then you know, wife, that that is a very difficult—a very hard matter; you are never satisfied.

MRS. M. Never satisfied! you graceless, good-for-nothing, illiterate, outrageous, vile, contumacious, obstreperous man. Here have I kept the house over your head these three and forty years; provided for all your boarders; tasted all your wines and liquors before purchase; seen after the plate and furniture; and brought up your daughter, and had her educated to sing and to dance, and to talk with any woman in town,—even almost as fluently as I do myself.

MR. M. Go on, wife, do go on, my dear. You have taught her to talk, indeed, at almost as pretty a rate as you do yourself. Kept the house over my head, indeed! Did it not belong to me before the awful day we were solemnly tied together? Look after the plate and furniture, indeed! Do not I always have to be buying new? Dear! oh dear! you'll break my heart, you will!

MRS. M. Why do you not be off? You will be too late to market—dinner will be too late to be cooked—tempus fugit ergo—every thing will be too late. Nothing but goes behind hand since this new boarder—this Simon Solus—came to the house. Why are you not off?—don't you hear me?—why are you not off, I say?

MR. M. I will I will, but when I come back if you are not in better humor I shall certainly take the necessary measures for a separation of our persons, I certainly shall. (*Exit.*)

MRS. M. (*Solus.*) A separation of our persons? was there ever such a living man! a separation of our persons, after we have lived 3 and 40 years together. A separation of our persons, Jemeni! What will he do with Angelina. Had I have had a boy and a girl, instead of only, an only daughter, he should have taken the brat of a boy and Angelina should be mine own. But come what may she shall abide with me—he may leave my bed and board and betake himself to the Green Mountains, to Iceland or the Red Sea, if so inclined, and no writ of habeas corpus will I ever have served on him—Betty—you jade, Betty I say, come hither you hussy.

(ENTER BETTY.)

What in the world have you been about so long—tell me you jade—speak you baggage.

BETTY. Why ma'am I've been looking after —

MRS. MAG. Been looking after,—looking after, you are always looking after, you need looking after, being looked after, you do, you slut you do; you'll be looking after a husband one of these days I'll be bound. You had better be looking after putting things to rights. Your master will be back from market presently in proper bad humor. He left the house just now in such a rage, and talked of going to separate from me.

BETTY. Misses you really do scold him too extensively at times. I often wonder how he can stand it. I am quite sure if I were him —

MRS. M. Hold your tongue you hussy—silence you spynx—leave the room you baggage—you catamount—dont let me see the sight of that impudent face of yours for a month to come; out of my sight, out, out, I say, you piece of personified insolence: out, out, I say.

BETTY. Oh dear, oh dear, lack-a-daisy me. (*Exit.*)

MRS. M. Heigho, wheugh: what shall I do, I declare. I am almost out of breath. Here will my old man be back from market soon, out of sorts with himself, with me, with every thing. I'll be hanged if I dont try and bring him round—nil desperandum. He is as good an old man as any other spirited woman has in town. I wouldn't change him for any dozen or twenty common husbands in a year's acquaintance: I'll run and mix him an extensive brandy toddy, and that I know will make him pleased as punch again. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—A STREET.

(ENTER TOM CUTWATER AND NED CLEWLINE.)

TOM. What say you Ned to make a trip up to the lakes. Blow'd if I ain't tired of these cursed streets and houses, rogues, crimps, and land lords;—they are done me out of more than \$100 dollars already, and all the shot left in my locker wont hold me out much longer if I dont steer a course in land. Ned, what say you to make

tracks. Let's try a canal boat; you go captain and make me cook—or, dam me, Ned, jump aboard purser and take me for steward. The cyphering for you I'll do prime.—At arithmatizing I'm a pretty smart hand, at least I was when at school some ten years ago: I can work the double rule of five and go extraction to Jericho. Extensively so, I may say in the spirit line.

NED. Avast there, Cutwater, belay that, Tom: you're ahead of yourself a fathom. You could subtract well no doubt, and add like Mercury when it suited your turn; a damn'd poor business it would be for me though!

TOM. How so, Clewline?

NED. How so? why plain enough, or Ned Clewline knows nothing of dead reckoning. I don't understand figuring as well maybe as you, Tom, but here's my cyphering: 1st as you go steward, you should do all the business, blow'd if I'd be in that billet and trouble my head with calculations and writing; of course I should hand over to Tom Cutwater half the profits. Then, you know, Tom, by your long practice in the rules of subtraction you would do me out of t'other half, and that would leave Ned Clewline a deuced good whack at the end of the cruize. No, no, I know you too well, Tom. You'd be happy in old Nick's guardo, the whole of the first fortnight, after you were whipped in, if you could only chuckle over having done a purser out of his three years' pilings up.

TOM. Well, but what say you Ned, shall we leave the town, and take canal or rail road for the backlands and graze a month or two on fresh fodder among the lusty milk gals and farming wenches; what say you Clewline?

NED. Agreed, say I, better that than worse; but I say, Tom, shiver my hull if Simon Solus ant bearing down with all sail set.

(ENTER SIMON.)

Which way, Simon, just from Harlem, eh? shipmate?

SIMON. Well I reckon I are, and a right nice ride we had: I amagine there arn't nothing can come up to riding by steam except it are, may be, the leetle Dale agoing afore a hurricane on a taut bowline, with her stun sails on both her sides, and all her light sails set and kites a flyin': I guess as how it would take a right smart chance of a fine engine machine to catch up the leetle Dale then?

Nothin' on airth can do her a circumstance, and darn'd if I don't imagine she'd soon get out of sight of one on them ar new invention steam air carriage balloons, though they be a mighty scrumptious kind of a contrivance.

TOM. Why the devil don't you clap a stopper on that red rag of yours. Simon, did you ever know the Dale to have studding sails set low and aloft larboard and starboard, when close hawl'd on a wind, or every rag set and a hurricane a blowing?

SIMON. I wont be quite sartin as how it was blowing so mighty savage; but there must have been a pretty considerable smart chance of a breeze, as Backstay the quarter-master, told me himself as how she was sleeking it off fifteen knots, and mout have gone sixteen easy as *nothin'*, only the line run out so tarnation fast he could'n parwent it's runnin' off the reel.

NED. You'd make oath to it, no doubt. But Simon, the night we had such dam'd squally, nasty, murky weather off that infernal Cape,—Cape Horn—you were on deck, I suppose.

SIMON. Well, I rec'on as how I were. You mout have found me in the starboard slings of the larboard-main, weather-mizen, top-gallant, sky-sail, mast-yard-arm, and the way that I worried myself bringing the bunt-tricing line to bear on the arter part of the weather leech, warn't no body's business; besides handling the bunt jiggers and hawlin' in on the backstay shrowds, so as to help my shipmates what were rigging out the earin' blocks. It were tarnation ugly work, as the yards every time, we ha imagined we'd finished, would souse into the waves and splash us all over. But, by golly, I calculate as how we made a nation sleek job on it, tho' it war so mighty dark we could't find our way down the skysail yard-arm bunt-lines without holdin' on to one another's hands, and I guess as we did sweat a heap, though it war so nation cold.

TOM. Ned, did you ever hear such a fool? why Simon don't try to gammon us? You don't take us for cow boy or green horns, do you? You jump aloft. Shiver my hull if I don't believe you were diving into some manavelins o laying too at the galley under the lee of a pan of dunder-funk.

NED. Why damn it, Simon, you don't intend to try next

and make us believe the sloop-of-war Dale to be bigger than any other sloop of her size, do you?

SIMON. Darn'd if she arn't tho', by golly, and it arn't a mighty hard matter to prove, I calculate. I swan to man if I only knew as much about figuring up as the sailing master, I'd get a slate and pencil and work out the sum. Jist take three-fifths on her beam from her length, and multiply by her breadth and depth, and divide by ninety-five or something:—I won't be right sartin' as that's it. But howsomever, by the way, its calculated a school-master could make her out somethin' less than 900 tons: now the register in print shows she's not one thousand, and darned to darnation if she wont carry a ternal site more than that are, when all her light sails are set and kites are flyin', or Simon Solus arnt nothing at guessing to what he war aboard ship. But come along to my boarding house, and I guess as how we'll have somethin' nation nice to drink.

TOM. What say, Ned? let's see this boarding house and the pretty girl he's after. He'll pay our footing and stand the blunt, I know.

NED. With all my heart, Cutwater, and as for standing treat there are many worse coves than Simon Solus for that; many a glass of pisco and bottle of rum have he and I used up while together in the Pacific.

SIMON. I imagine you will not be disappointed, and should you take the notion, I calculate you and Tom can find accommodations and have your bags and hammocks brought to the house, where there's as good livin' as I rec'on is any whars else, and a most scrumptious fine article on cider. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—A ROOM.

ANGELINA. (*Solus.*) What a delightful out we had, to be sure. I declare I did not think a ride in the cars to Harlem would have afforded so much pleasure. I really feel like a new creature. I can now sing and play and dance, if Pa desires me, till he shall fairly cry quits. Mr. Simon is somewhat queer, but I really am quite in love with him. He has some rather odd notions, but I like the

very oddity of them. If Pa consents and Mr. Simon persists in it, I am sure I shall not be very backward in accepting of him for a husband. How glad I am that he was induced by me to buy a lottery ticket. Should it but draw a prize what a happy girl I should be. I made him give it me to take care of, and I will just walk out and ascertain if the drawn numbers are yet known.

MRS. M. (*Calling without.*) Angelina, you Angelina Magnolia, I say, don't you hear your mother calling you, or must I come and hurry your steps.

ANG. There, I declare, if Mamma is not wanting me already. A plague on that tongue of her's, there is no such thing as bearing it.

MRS. M. (*Without.*) Angelina, you Miss Angelina Seminamus Cleopatra Magnolia, I say, do you not hear your mother's voice—come hither, I say.

ANG. Coming—coming directly, Ma,—be with you in half a second. Now I lay my life on't she is going to rate me well for being too intimate and free with dear Mr. Solus, 'tis nothing else I pledge my word for it. (*Exit.*)

(ENTER MR. M.)

MR. M. Wheugh—dear, oh dear. What a world this is, I declare. What a luckless man am I? What a curious, loving, affectionate, tender-hearted, caressing piece of a wife I have got, to be sure—all rain and hail and sleet in a murky, blowy, blustering state one day, and all sunshine, smirks and smiles the next. Now raging about every thing, and anon overloading me with kindness,—pressing on me to taste her pies, sip her beer, quaff a tumbler of punch or a glass of toddy, or a refreshing mint julap. But I declare, here she comes. The plagues of Egypt on her.

(ENTER MRS. MAGNOLIA.)

Heaven bless you wife—heaven bless you my dear, what is it?—what is the matter, my love?

MRS. MAG. Matter indeed—matter enough to set one crazy! Matter indeed, when you have, you headlong—head-strong—outrageous man—gone so far with this Mr Simon Solus—this person of doubtful name, doubtful character, doubtful intentions as to have almost given up my daughter Angelina—my daughter Miss Angelina Se-

minamus Cleopatra Magnolia, to a fellow who has not a foot of ground to his name, nor money enough to carry him through a twelvemonth, you thoughtless, good-for-nothing, inconsiderate man.

MR. M. But then you do not consider —

MRS. MAG. But I do consider, and this business shall go no farther. I'll extinguish their languishing desires—their ardent flames, I will. I'll quench their amorous fires and put a finish to their business, mind that old man, but tempus fugit—ergo dispatch is requisite. (*Exit.*)

MR. M. Wheugh—well-a-day—well-a-day—what to happen next I wonder.

(ENTER BETTY.)

Well, and what want you, Betty—what do you want, pray?

BETTY. Here, sir, is Mr. Solus with two gentlemen, that he says are his old shipmates; here they are, sir, these are they.

(ENTER SIMON, NED CLEWLINE AND TOM CUTWATER.)

SIMON. Mr. Magnolia, I tho't kinder as how you would have no objections to seeing some on my shipmates, so I've just brought two on 'em with me to try a mite of your liquor.

MR. M. Quite welcome, gentlemen, entirely welcome; make yourselves quite at home. Do let me run and bring you something to wet your whistles with. I shall not be long, gentlemen, I will not be long. (*Exit.*)

NED. Comfortable establishment, Cutwater.

TOM. Quite a snug affair, Ned.

NED. A dam'd site better than our lodgings, Tom.

TOM. Let's shift our quarters.

NED. Simon, think you the old man will take us on?

SIMON. He'll make no objections, I rec'on: tho' I guess as how it 'll be kinder harder to come round the old woman. The ternal thing is so tetotaciously obstropolous.

TOM. Say you do, Simon, Eh: Ned, dam me if this is not the very girl I had the conflag with in the street this morning.

NED. Blow'd if tan't the very same. You didn't lose your money again, darlin', did you?

BETTY. Oh no, dear sir, I'm so very extensively

obliged to you, I declare, sir; to thank you I know not how.

NED. Only give me a kiss, my sparkling jewel. Now we are in doors don't be bashful, chicken—(kissing.)

TOM. Dam me, Ned, but you are having it all to yourself, an't you going to share with a shipmate. Come here my trump of hearts, I shall not spoil that pretty face nor sully one sweet smile.

BETTY. You good-for-nothing, vile, outrageous, intox-icating fellow. I will pay you one way or other for abusing me as you did this morning; I'll make you drunk or something, mind now if I do not.

(ENTER MR. MAGNOLIA WITH A BOTTLE OF LIQUOR.)

MR. MAG. Here you are, gentlemen, here you be. Some of the best cogniac ever corked in bottle. (Pouring into glasses.) Once having tasted you will speak it well I dare be sworn. I always keep the best of liquors and wines in my cellar. Come, gentlemen, don't stand to parley, taste the article and speak of it your opinions.

NED. Well, old man, here's to you, and may you never want for boarders so long as you keep open house.

TOM. And may your cellar never run dry whilst you have any boarders. Come, Simon, give something if it's only that the spirit casks may hold out better next cruize than they did the last.

SIMON. Well, shipmates, I rec'on as how I'll try and 'gin somethin', though I never drinks toasts much: may the next ships as I sails in go all round the world, through the Mediterrarean and touch at China in Egypt, and Constantinople in India, to fill up her water tanks with gene-wine claret cider and muscatel cordial, and then if the whiskey casks do happen to leak out we wont be so mouty bad off that we moutn't be a kinder worser.

NED. I must speak the liquor well—Simon the old man's brandy's not so bad, old man I've tasted worse—darn seldom has Ned Clewline tasted better.

TOM. Its a rare article of liquor.

SIMON. Its real genewine and no mistake. Its tickling my throat all the way down. 'Tis a right scrumptious article. Darn'd if it arn't prickling my very finger ends.

NED. Old gentleman, how would you like to take a

couple of boarders? Simon can speak a good word for us. I like your face, the cut of your jib, old Toby, and I can't say that much of every landlord I've lived with.

TOM. Yes, yes, old boy, (slapping him on the back,) this house must be ours for a while, you'll make us a home I know.

MR. M. With all my heart, gentlemen, but I am afraid I shall have to consult with my old woman. She settles these matters for me.

NED. Ay, ay, she wears the breeches, does she—well let's see the old hag, come —

MR. M. Eh, bless me, dear oh dear, here she comes—here

(ENTER MRS. MAGNOLIA FOLLOWED BY ANGELINA.)

she is, and her daughter with her.

ANGELINA. Oh where is he, where is he? O Mr. Simon, Mr. Simon, if your lottery ticket has not drawn a prize of ten thousand dollars. Mamma is so delighted.

SIMON. Huzza—well I swan to man—(dances about) darn my buttons if I mustn't have a kiss. (kisses her.)

MRS. MAG. Gentlemen, how do you all do? Going to board with us I hope. I do feel so gratified to see any of Mr. Simon Solus' friends. I hardly know how to entertain them. Why, Mr. Magnolia, my dear husband, do my love go and get these gentlemen something to drink Mr. Solus, my daughter here has been so longing to see you. When you are absent an hour she counts it a week. You have no idea—you have no conception, dear Mr. Simon—you have no conception, how fondly she talks all the live long day about nothing and no body but you. How glad, how happy, how delighted shall I be truly, only to see you two once united in the happy bands of wedlock; bound to one another for life in the delightful bonds of matrimony for a long happy life, as me and my dearly beloved spouse, Mr. Magnolia, have been the past three and fourty years. O, what delightful days and nights—what blissful, rapturous hours you have in the vista of life. But tempus fugit—ergo, I must hie me to the dining-room and see that a supper for you is procurandum est. Mr. Magnolia, do you entertain our friends. The meanwhile—my service to you, gentlemen, for the present.

MR. M. (Aside.) What a wonder's this—only yes-

terday she would have scratched his face and turned him out of doors. O the magic power of glittering gold. But, Mr. Simon, you must allow me to congratulate you on your good fortunes.

NED. Who in the name of Mars would ever have believed you would be such a lucky dog.

TOM. Ten thousand dollars! What a glorious spree you can have Simon. Ten thousand dollars—why damn my tarry top lights if I had half that sum, I'd buy a brig, or start a mill, or marry a rich, pretty girl. But where the devil will you stow your cargo, Simon.

SIMON. I imagine that are is not going to be a tarnation ugly job. I always calculated on raising the wind some how or nother, and I arn't fur out on't this time, I guess. Angelina, shan't we take another ride out to Harlem. You're so fond of riding. It's a nation pretty place that, to get spliced in, and I rec'on as how the old man arn't going to keep back his consent, now the old woman has given her's.

ANG. If Pa gives his consent, now I know you will, won't you, Pa? Simon, you have, you know, already made sure of mine. Come, Pa, give me a kiss—(kisses her.) Well now, why don't you give your assent—but you are waxing old—you are getting old, Pa.

MR. MAG. Mr. Simon, you have my hearty acquiescence to your union,—may you make the happiest couple alive, and may your children and grand-children be the delight of your lives when I shall be —

NED. In Heaven, old boy. But give me leave to ask a favor,—if the hand of this pretty little bashful rogue is in your keeping, can I hope to have it of you.

MR. M. Sir, she has the whole disposal of that, as well as of her person. If you have insured her heart you may make sure of her hand; if you have got the one you need not doubt of obtaining the other.

NED. What say you, my pretty little half eagle, wont you make my better half for life? That smile, that blush says yes you will. Let's seal the bargain—(kisses her.) How now, Cutwater—what say you, Tom? do you 'prove proceedings on pipe b'lay; why shiver my hull if you hav'n't a face on as long as a Portmahone jackass.

TOM. Blow'd if I know what to say, but let's board

here a week or two, and then I'll have had time to haul my thinking tacks aboard, and may be will have the luck to find a girl I'd like to join jiblets with myself. (taking glass.) But here's a health to both your smiling wenches —may your married years be as happy as your honeymoon nights—your children numerous—and your old days merry ones.

ANG. Simon, you must thank me for the prize: you know what coaxing work I had to make you buy the ticket just before the cars started for Harlem.

MR. M. Did you, my dear angel. Mr. Simon, you see what a speculating turn my daughter has. Keep a taut rein over her at first and you may easily manage her, you may readily manage her, Mr. Solus.

SIMON. The tarnal critter, but you may leave Simon alone for that, Mr. Magnolia. I calculate as how I am a right sleek hand at such are kind of business. At old uncle Josh's, cousin Sall war always for havin' her own way. Well, one on them ar days cousin Sall and I went out huckleberryin' in the woods: as I was a sayin' she war always for havin' her own way. At first off she seemed mighty pleased and nation glad as I were 'long. But when I began to cross her a leetle and try to make her do just as what I liked, she riz her dander and got right tarnal contumacious and took her own course through the woods. Cousin Sall rec'oned as how I was arter her, and would try and coax her round. But I guess I know'd a darn'd site better. I streeked it right strait back hum.—From that day ever sinc't, cousin will do just any thing I wants her tu, I guess. So if we two don't pull together till we get through the huckleberryin' time of man and wife, I'll go right straight and make another cruize in the sleek leetle, fast-sailing, hard-fighting sloop-of-war Dale, and arter that I guess as how it 'll be a mighty hard matter coaxing Angelina to fall out with Simon Solus again.

MR. M. Ah, Simon, you're a rum 'un.' But now as business seems to be pretty well settled, and the old woman has by this got supper ready, let's to the dining-room and refresh ourselves on whatever good things my house will afford.

ANG. Why in the name of Herschel are you in such haste. But you are waxing old—you are getting old,

Pa. To-morrow, Simon, I want you to buy me a pretty, fast trotting horse, and a neat little buggy for us to ride out in; and we must go to housekeeping next week. Simon, why in the name of the poets don't you invite our friends to see us.

SIMON. Well, chicken, I guess as how I'll buy you a horse and a buggy and take you out a riding. Arter we are married we'll have a heap of riding, I rec'on, and as Mrs. Simon Solus is going straight to house keeping she'll be mighty glad to have all on you pay her a weddin' visit and taste a mite of cider or somethin' or nother right scrumptious.

MR. M. And as in coursing time our nights we spend,
We hope you will us countenance still lend,
And may all you who that way are inclined,
Find to your taste some beauteous fair refined,
In whom graces and virtues are alike combined.

FINIS.

SONG.

The following was sung at the last evening's Theatrical entertainment on board at Valparaiso, by one of the Dale's main-top-men, during which he was much clapped.

I.

How pleas'd *dis nigger* be,
To see you all so smilin',
Long time we's been away,
The leetle Dale a tryin':
We left Coquimbo bay,
In August last, I b'lieve sir,
And sailing wid de fleet,
Into *Calyow* we came sir.
Ching a ring come chaw,
High oh lin kum darkee.

II.

From dere we took a start,
Not knowing what place for sir,
And 'fore long had to part
Wid de Cyane and de States sir,
Our lonesome track we made,
For de city of Pan'ma sir,
Beating ebry ting we met,
But no sailing ships we found sir,
Ching a ring, &c.

III.

At Taboga we made stay,
It is de bery isle sir,
Where plums and cocoanuts,
And 'bundance fruit is found sir,
Dere's a gub'nor in dat place,
What gibz dem all dere laws sir,
And regulates dere tings,
At least he stops dere jaws sir.
Ching a ring, &c.

IV.

Dere a nation happy set,
 Dey pass dere time so pleasant,
 Eatin oranges and nuts,
 Chickens, wild ducks, and pheasant.
 To strangers dey are kind,
 Wid all folks dere so free sir,
 None but de bery debil,
 Wid dem could disagree sir.

Ching a ring, &c.

V.

Dere women are obliging,
 Dey'll do just as you say sir,
 And cause dey are so kind,
 One gibs dem dere own way sir,
 Your clothes dey'll all wash clean,
 And milk sotch to your ship sir,
 Ask dem for what you like,
 Dey neber gib you lip sir.

Ching a ring, &c.

VI.

One sweet gall dere I left,
 Ob charming face and figure,
 What captured de whole heart
 Ob dis deluded nigger.
 I guv'd her all I could,
 I left her trifles plenty,
 She was de lubly one,
 What did my pockets empty.

Ching a ring, &c.

VII.

From dat enchanting isle,
 And Pan'ma we did steer sir,
 But de winds did come so bad,
 'Twas hard our port to near sir:
 For long time we had rain,
 Wat fill'd us up wid water,
 But for some tings we found,
 We'd be press'd leetle harder.

Ching a ring. &c.

VIII.

De ting what plagu'd us most,
 And caused our hearts to sigh sir,
 Our ship run out of rum,
 Which made us all feel dry sir;
 But when we found 'twas true,
 We tried to be contented,
 'Cause whiskey could'nt rain,
 So it could'nt be prevented.

Ching a ring, &c.

IX.

In port as soon as anchor'd,
 De critter was obtained sir,
 And tasted monstrous good,
 'Cause we'd so long refrained sir,
 In Monterey we sported,
 And blow'd her out so high sir,
 Dat to see de place again,
 Our hearts do sometimes sigh sir.

Ching a ring, &c.

X.

But all 'bout Monterey,
 And oder charming cities,
 Y'mas and Mazaltan,
 Some day we'll sing you ditties:
 Dere all worth tellin' on,
 And singing odes *consarnin'*,
 Dere ladies and dere sports,
 And some tings great, worth larnin'.

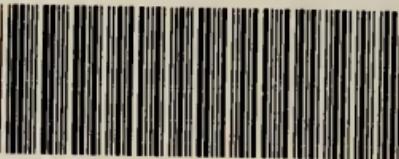
Ching a ring, &c.

XI.

Now we are onc't more here,
 We feel most mighty glad,
 To see you all assembled,
 Not one face looking sad;
 To please you wid a play,
 Our parts we thought we'd try, sir,
 As we want de "Dale" to sweeten
 Her friends and enemies high sir.

Ching a ring, &c.

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